

Tu Seras Dans Mon Coeur

by Jaimee

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Tu Seras Dans Mon Coeur

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Title - Tu Seras Dans Mon Coeur

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Spoilers - None really, although there is a brief reference to "a similar situation only months ago" which of course refers to FTF, but it's not crucial to the storyline.

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Summary - Scully gets transferred to Philadelphia, but of course she comes back, and they have a very happy reunion.

(By the way, the name means "You'll be in my heart.")

Disclaimer: Oh yes, the disclaimer. That lovable part of every fanfic where we get to pay homage to THE MAN and illustrate the stupidity of some of the copyright-happy FOX execs. Ahem. Did I say 'stupidity'? I meant...um....brilliance! Yeah. Brilliance. Uh-huh. Anyway, THE MAN,

1013, and FOX own all the characters in my story. I'm only borrowing them for a couple hours and I promise to give them back when I'm done (Yes, even Mulder, but I'm not saying it'll be easy). And thank you to Phil Collins and his song "You'll Be In My Heart" for inspiring the story.

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Residence of Special Agent Dana Scully

Friday, November 27, 1998

6:02 a.m.

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Scully rolled over in bed, some far-off conscious part of her sleep-fogged brain wishing that noise would stop. She tried to doze off again, but the noise was dragging her farther and farther out of sleep. Finally her eyes opened heavily and she realized that the phone was ringing. Reaching over to the phone next to her bed, she managed to force out a somewhat coherent "Hello?"

"Agent Scully?"

Scully scooted to a sitting position against her pillows.
"Sir?"

"I'm sorry, Agent Scully, did I wake you?"

Scully knew from Skinner's voice over the phone that something was wrong. The heightened professional sound that barely masked personal concern, the lowered tone... "It's all right...what is it, sir?"

A small sigh was barely audible over the phone. "Scully, I need you to come in right away."

Scully frowned. "Is there a problem, sir?"

Skinner drew a breath. "Just be in my office as soon as you can." There was a small click and Scully realized the conversation would only be continued in the A.D.'s office. She slowly set the receiver down, puzzled and concerned at the brief exchange. Instantly forcing herself not to think too much about it, she resigned herself to getting up and rolled out of bed.

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J. Edgar Hoover Building

7:43 a.m.

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The elevator doors opened and Scully strode out, clad in a brown suit with a black shirt, tall heels clicking on the shiny floor. She rounded the corner and saw her partner waiting in a chair outside Skinner's office. She walked faster, subconsciously hating to be the last one to arrive.

Entering the small waiting area, she silently seated herself next to Mulder and looked over at him. He glanced up.

"Any idea why we're here?" she asked quietly.

Mulder shook his head. "Skinner called me early this morning and told me to get down here as soon as I could. I never got a reason."

She was about to reply when Skinner opened the door and stuck his head out. "Come in, agents."

They stood and walked together into the large office, steps matching pace for pace. Skinner sat at his desk and motioned for them to sit in the two chairs placed facing him. Mulder shot Scully a quick glance. This was more than a casual conference. Scully sat down slowly in her chair and met Skinner's eyes, an unspoken and automatic challenge in her gaze. Skinner looked down after several seconds, obviously uncomfortable. Surprised, Scully looked away, waiting for him to break the silence. Several seconds passed. Skinner took his glasses off and rubbed his forehead, apparently using the time to consider his words. Finally Mulder spoke.

"Sir, may I ask what we're doing here?"

Skinner looked from Mulder to Scully, and then spoke. "What I am about to say will come as a surprise and probably a shock to both of you." Scully steeled herself mentally. They were closing the X-files again, or maybe Skinner was resigning. She looked straight at him, waiting for his words.

He took a deep breath.

"Agents, they're splitting you up."

The words slashed through Scully's heart, each word a razor-sharp dagger. She was faintly aware of her eyelids closing, suddenly immeasurably tired. The sound of her own breathing was absurdly loud to her ears. The only thing convincing her that she had just heard the words was Mulder's voice, cutting through her numbing mind.

"What?" His tone was quiet and deadly.

Skinner sighed. "It wasn't my decision --"

"They're splitting us up?" Anger was no longer alluded to in Mulder's voice -- it was the driving force in his words.

Skinner looked away. "There's nothing you can do. Either of you."

"Nothing??" Mulder stood in incensed disbelief and glanced down at Scully. She opened her eyes and looked at Skinner again, feeling completely frozen inside. "Why?" she asked slowly, surprising herself at the complete lack of emotion her tired words expressed. Skinner ignored the question. "There's more." He looked from one to the other, hating himself for what he was about to say.

"Scully, you're being transferred. To Philadelphia. Effective immediately."

If Mulder said something, she didn't hear it. Her mind was reeling.
Transferred. Philadelphia.

Transferred.

Mulder.

Struggling to regain composure, she wouldn't allow herself to look at him. She was afraid to see all her emotions, now held tightly under rein, reflected in his face. Afraid that if she did, she would lose whatever control she had managed to hold onto, and that would only fuel Mulder's anger. Instead, she took a deep breath and met Skinner's eyes.

"When?"

He understood the question, but was obviously taken aback -- and slightly relieved -- at her apparent calm. "Uh...you'll have a week to move out of your apartment. The Bureau will be responsible for your apartment lease, your moving expenses, that sort of thing." He paused. "Agent Scully...are you sure you're okay?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine, sir." Mulder turned his head to look at her. She consciously refused to return his gaze, knowing if he could see into her eyes, he would see all the pain she was feeling, and that...couldn't happen.

The silence was unbearable. "Is that all, sir?"

Skinner nodded. "You'll have the rest of today and the week off to get ready to leave." She muttered something in understanding and stood. Mulder looked up at her but she walked quickly to the door, knowing she was incapable of talking with him or anyone else right now. As she left she could hear Mulder coming after her. She quickened her steps but he caught up with her at the elevator.

"Scully..."

She looked at the ground, hating herself for putting him off when all he wanted to do was console her, but she needed to be alone. He paused, and then spoke, haltingly but firmly.

"Scully, whoever's behind this...I'll find them. We can change this...."

The elevator doors opened and Scully stepped inside. Mulder was about to follow, but she put her hand up, gently pushing him back. Their eyes met for an instant until Scully looked down. Her voice was quiet but resolved when she spoke. "No, Mulder." She pressed the button for ground floor and stepped back, further inside the elevator. "I'll see you," she murmured, looking away. He stood motionless as the doors closed, pain and sorrow alive in his eyes.

Scully leaned on the elevator wall and closed her eyes, completely numb inside. _Oh, Mulder..._

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10:56 a.m.

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The key turned in the lock and the door swung open. Scully stepped inside carrying several packages of flattened packing boxes under each arm. For several moments, her attention was focused on setting the boxes against the wall without dropping them. Then, finished, she looked up, and her mind was instantly off the boxes.

Her apartment.

She walked slowly a few steps into the room. Taking in all the details as though she had never seen it before, Scully realized how much she loved this apartment -- and how truly little time she had spent in it. Most of her time was spent at work or on a case, both of which usually entailed being away. But somehow she had managed to put herself into this place. It was really home.

And she had dreamed of things for this place. Dreamed of Mulder coming over, just to talk, or maybe have some wine, and supersede the memory of her and Eddie Van Blundht that night. Or bringing home a little girl with short blond hair and an angelic face, her daughter by biology and adoption.

Even unconscious desires had been shattered. Over the last several years, the truth had slowly been creeping from her heart to her mind -- she loved Mulder. As a friend. More than a friend. She had never let herself give it much thought, but now she was having to face all of it. Every feeling that had been hiding in her mind, waiting for some elusive 'right moment' to come out, was being forced into the open. It was incredibly draining emotionally. She realized how much she was in love with Mulder, how much their relationship had been waiting for the first tentative step past friendship and into love. And now, none of that mattered. She was leaving for Philadelphia in a week and leaving him behind.

Reminding herself what she brought the boxes home for, Scully picked up a pair of scissors and slit the plastic wrap on one of the packages.

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Saturday, November 28

11:14 a.m.

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Scully pulled the strip of tape from the roll and ripped it off with her teeth. She pushed the flaps of the box closed and laid the tape gently across, then smoothed it with her hand. She had picked up the tape roll to begin the process all over again when there was a soft knock at the door.

Having a feeling she already knew who it was, Scully stood up and walked to the door. The peephole proved her guess correct, and she slid the chain lock off the door, then opened it. Mulder.

He smiled gently at her, looking afraid of scaring her off. Glad to

see him but reluctant to see his face when he came in, Scully returned a more troubled smile and opened the door slowly.

He stepped inside, still looking at her, until something drew his attention. He glanced up and the smile faded from his face. Quickly, he looked back down at her, hazel eyes filling with surprise and sadness.

Her living room had disappeared into half a dozen large cardboard boxes and a few smaller ones that were scattered in small stacks around the room. The pictures had been taken down off the walls and were leaning against the wall. Even the comfy throws on the couch and chair had been packed away. Mulder stood, taking in the emptiness for several seconds, and then walked blankly to the couch and sat down, sighing heavily. Scully came over and joined him on the couch, just staring into space, with no idea what to say. Words seemed to be too much.

After a moment, Mulder seemed to have gathered his thoughts, and he ventured to speak. "Scully, I don't want you to give up."

She met his eyes for a moment and then looked back down at her hands. "Mulder, Skinner's right. There isn't anything we can do. Bureau protocol states that an agent can be transferred after three years in one assignment and this is my fifth year on the X-files. They have every right to do this."

Mulder shook his head. "You know you're not being transferred because of Bureau protocol. This is about the X-files. They can't shut us down so they're just going to let it die. They know that without you, I have absolutely no credibility. And...they know I can't do it alone." She looked up quickly, her breath catching silently in her throat. He locked eyes with her and spoke again, more brokenly this time, and she closed her eyes to keep the tears -- that had been threatening to come for hours -- back. "Scully, you are my reason for...everything. For getting up in the morning, for coming to work.... No one has stood by me like you have. No one else has been my friend like you have. And you are such a friend...my only friend, truly. Without you, I'm a paranoid wreck...but with you, Scully..." He shook his head, unable to find words adequate for what he meant to say, and faded to silence. It was a moment before she spoke.

"Mulder, everything you just said describes what a friend you've been to me. You've shown me the truth, and I owe you everything for that...I owe you my life, countless times over." She rested her hand on his, remembering an all-too-similar situation only months ago. "Mulder, I only have one other option...and quitting isn't something I'm willing to do anymore. I have to go." He sighed softly in unwilling acceptance of her words. She continued. "And maybe I can help you, somehow, out of Philadelphia. I -- I don't know...I may have to accept this, but I won't give up," she finished, her voice shaking a little with resolute new hope.

Their eyes met and Mulder smiled tenderly. Scully smiled back at him, relaxing as he put his arm around her. She let her head fall onto his shoulder in quiet surrender to friendship. The room was silent, full of the unspoken, mutually understood thoughts that only close friends recognize. Friends. Nothing more, she thought reluctantly. Letting out an inaudible sigh, she tried to convince herself it was better

than way, and she was better off forgetting that she had ever loved Mulder.

But she knew it would be the hardest thing she had ever done.

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12:42 p.m.

Saturday, December 5

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The F.B.I. agent had met her at the airport with a standard issue fleet sedan. She had put her bags in the trunk and gotten in, her professional shield already up. The agent drove her to her new apartment, informing her on the way that the F.B.I. had already arranged a place for her to live, and telling her what day and time she was supposed to report to the Philadelphia branch office.

Audio surveillance. That was what they had assigned her to. At least for the first few months, the agent had quoted. After all, she had to get used to the regular cases again -- couldn't have her screwing up a serious case because she was afraid that the aliens would come after them, he had said with a slight twist of the mouth that she guessed was supposed to be a wry grin.

She took a look around her new apartment -- the first good look she had taken since she had gotten there ten minutes ago. Her boxes and furniture were all moved in when she arrived. The couch had been put in the middle of the living room in the typical place for a couch, and she stubbornly decided that it wasn't going to stay there. The Bureau had enough control over her life now as it was; they weren't going to tell her where to put her couch. She realized how ridiculous her thoughts sounded, and ripped open the tape on the first box.

She would be expected at 9 a.m. sharp on Monday to meet her new partner.

A new partner.

"Agent Mulder," she said, striding forward, hand outstretched. "I'm Dana Scully -- I've been assigned to work with you."

--

He took her hand, eyeing her with suspicion barely masked in friendliness. "Well, isn't it nice to be suddenly so highly regarded." She looked at him, with the barest tilt of her head to show she was curious, but mildly at best. He went back to his slides, pulling one off the board to place it with a file on the desk. "So who did you tick off to get stuck with this detail...Scully?"

--

"Actually, I'm looking forward to working with you. I've heard a lot about you."

--

_"Oh really?" He turned back around to take a look at her again, his tone accusing but cheerful. "I was under the impression that you were sent to spy on me." _

Scully blinked and shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts, and went back to unpacking the box, determined to keep her mind on what she was doing.

=====

Monday, December 8

7:49 a.m.

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Mulder woke up to hear his alarm clock ringing. It sounded like it had been ringing for a while, and when he looked at what time it was, he realized he had slept right through it.

He switched the alarm off, rolling over to stare at the ceiling. He had to be at work in less than fifteen minutes, he had to get up -- Scully was going to have something to say about it if he was late again.

No. She was gone. No one would be there waiting for him.

He was alone again.

He slid off the couch and ran his fingers through his hair. His eyes closed, and for a few minutes he listened to the tick of the clock, the sound of his heart beating and his breath drawing in, then out.

Finally he forced himself to stand up. He couldn't do this, he had to get on with his life, with his work. She would call him, sooner or later, and then it would be all right.

No, he had to admit, it wouldn't be all right.

She would never know how much he had loved her. And as much as he hated himself for it, he knew it would be pointless for her to know now. She was in Philadelphia, and he was here. And they would always be friends, but the hope was gone for anything else.

The light was gone from his eyes as he went to get dressed.

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Philadelphia

5:05 p.m.

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"Mulder."

She smiled at the sound of his voice and the familiar feeling. She

was walking down the sidewalk, on her way home from work. Her apartment was unreasonably close to the field office, but at least it was within walking distance. "Mulder, it's me," she said with a laugh she couldn't suppress.

"Scully!" he exclaimed joyfully. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine, Mulder," she said, smiling again.

"Are you moved in yet?"

"Yeah, I finished unpacking everything yesterday. I started work here today."

"Oh yeah? What have they got you doing?"

"Surveillance." He chuckled appreciatively. "I haven't spent such a mind-numbing day at work in five years," she said with a grin. "I met my new partner today. Special Agent Mills. I think he actually likes the surveillance work," she said, suddenly feeling uncomfortable. There was silence for a moment. Then Mulder spoke, his voice sounding strangely dull. "Listen, Scully, I have to go now, but please...call again." He sounded tired, and there was an edge of emotion she had never heard from him before in his voice.

"Okay, Mulder," she said, suddenly feeling sad.

"I'll talk to you later, Scully."

Tell him.

"Mulder?" she said, almost involuntarily.

Tell him.

"Yeah, Scully?"

Tell him.

"I...I miss you, Mulder," she said softly.

"I miss you too, Scully," he said quietly. Then he hung up.

She had reached her apartment by now, and walked up the steps, unable to shake a lingering sadness. _I can't tell him. I have to forget_.

=====

Washington, D.C.

Friday, December 12

10:31 a.m.

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He hadn't even set the alarm clock this morning. It didn't matter. It didn't matter whether he came in today or not. There were no new cases, no new leads, nothing interesting in the news, even.

He hadn't even called her on the phone. She had called him, sounding completely happy and together, and content with her new life. Content to stay friends. He hadn't been able to talk like that. He had had to hang up; he knew that if he kept talking, something would happen inside him, and he would either lose whatever fragment of calm he had been holding onto, or he would have told her. That couldn't happen. He couldn't tie her to him like that.

Maybe it was for the best that she had left. She had lost so much when they were working together. Now she had a chance to have a real life. Telling her he was in love with her would only hold her back, and their friendship would turn into something else. Something awkward and strange. It was better to leave things the way they were.

Except that now that she was gone, he didn't even feel like getting up in the morning. He felt like he had lost her forever and he wasn't even allowed to mourn. It was unreasonable, of course. She wasn't dead. But he was grieving the loss of what they could've had, if he had told her when he had the chance. And he knew he could never forgive himself.

The phone rang, but he ignored it, and the machine picked up.

"Agent Mulder?" Skinner. "Mulder, I know you're there. Pick up the phone. Come on, Mulder. You haven't been to work in two days. Answer the phone!"

Mulder rolled over on the couch and closed his eyes.

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Philadelphia

4:45 p.m.

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Scully walked down the street to the apartment. She hated the walk more and more each day, hated the sight of the field office, hated the sight of the apartment, with sort of a dull, pervasive hatred that nagged at the back of her mind every day. Reminding her of what she'd lost.

That was the thing she couldn't live with. She knew that the loss she was feeling could have been avoided if only she hadn't been so stubbornly blind. She had never confronted her feelings until it was too late, and now it truly was.

She hadn't called Mulder back. She hated herself for it, but she hadn't been able to call him back. She had very nearly told him how she really felt when they had talked before, and she knew that was the last thing either of them needed. He had sounded like he was having a really hard time when they had talked, and had barely been able to hide it from her. She had always been the more skillful at hiding her feelings, but hearing the pain Mulder was going through -- the same pain she had been feeling, day after day this whole week -- nearly brought it into the open.

She had told herself the real reason she hadn't called him again was so that they could both come to a real acceptance that they were separated, possibly forever, and that calling each other constantly would only delay that acceptance. But in her heart, she knew that wasn't entirely true.

Pushing her thoughts away, she jogged up the stairs and went through the building door and into the apartment. It was much too quiet for her liking at the moment, so she switched the radio on. It was in the middle of a song, and she half paid attention as she tossed her jacket on the chair.

"You'll be in my heart,

Yes you'll be in my heart.

From this day on,

Now and forever more."

She was about to go change into more comfy clothes when she noticed the little light on the answering machine. She walked to the machine and pushed the button, then headed into her bedroom to change.

"Agent Scully, this is Assistant Director Skinner. I'm sorry to have to call you like this, but it's about Agent Mulder."

She walked back out of her room, staring at the machine. Skinner's voice continued.

"Uh...I'm not sure how to say this, but ever since you left, Scully... He just hasn't been himself, at all -- he hasn't shown up for work the last three days in a row, and he's not answering his phone. Frankly, I'm very concerned about him, and when I heard they had you assigned to *surveillance* work..."

There was a long pause. Scully sat down on the couch arm, all her attention completely focused on Skinner's words.

He cleared his throat. "The X-files, the work you and Mulder have done -- together -- is too important to have it lost like this. Scully, I want you to come back." Her eyes widened, and she couldn't keep from smiling as Skinner continued.

"I'll take care of everything here, I'll arrange to have your things moved back here and get you back your old apartment, and I've booked a flight for you on the 10:15 back to Washington. Someone from the Philadelphia office should be sending that over around six." He lowered his voice. "I believe in your work, Agent Scully, and I know you do too. And Mulder needs you." There was a slight pause. "Thank you, Scully." Then there was a click, and the message ended.

She was smiling, and couldn't stop, but she didn't care, and almost ran into the bedroom to start packing her clothes.

"They'll see in time, I know.

We'll show them together, 'cause

You'll be in my heart
Believe me, you'll be in my heart,
I'll be there from this day on,
Now and forever more...."

=====

Washington, D.C.

10:29 p.m.

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Mulder made his way into his apartment, a video box in his hand and a package of unpopped popcorn between his teeth. It was the special popcorn with the real movie butter. For some reason that was very important at the moment, and he set the movie down on the table to put the popcorn in the microwave. He took a gleeful pleasure in having finally figured out how to microwave popcorn, and within a few seconds he emerged with a full, steaming plastic bowl.

The movie was one of his all time favorites, and part of the reason why, at least for the moment, was because it was one of the most mind-paralyzing film out there. The movie was 'Plan 9 From Outer Space,' and Mulder had seen it 27 times already. He flicked it on and sat back, listening to Criswell's opening monologue.

"Greetings, my friend. We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives. And remember my friend, future events such as these will affect you in the future. You are interested in the unknown, the mysterious, the unexplainable. That is why you are here. And now, for the first time, we are bringing to you the full story of what happened on that fateful day."

Something -- he wasn't sure what -- prompted him to glance at the answering machine, and he was dully surprised to see that there was a new message. He pressed the button, listening with half an ear as he watched the movie.

"Mulder, it's me."

His eyes clearing, he punched the 'pause' button on the remote and turned his head to look at the machine.

"Mulder," Scully's voice said with a quiet laugh, "I'm coming home."

=====

11:16 p.m.

=====

That song was playing in her head as she stepped off the plane. She made her way down the corridor to the terminal, and for a minute just

stood in the middle of the doorway, trying to see through the crowd of anxious people waiting to meet passengers. She couldn't see Mulder, and she had a horrible feeling he hadn't gotten her message as passengers streamed around her, meeting family members or friends.

She stood on tiptoes trying to see through the crowd, but she knew she wouldn't be able to see far, so she just stood there, feeling uncertain of whether to wait, or just go to pick up her bags and pretend her heart wasn't breaking.

As she was standing there, looking around and beginning to feel like a complete fool, the mass of people clustered in the center of the terminal began to part, and she saw a familiar form standing off farther down the hallway.

For a moment, she couldn't move, and she was afraid he wouldn't see her. Then his eyes caught hers, and a grin spread across his somber face.

He began to run.

She smiled, sudden tears springing to her eyes, and watched him running towards her, complete and unconcealed love in his face. Then she began to run towards him, her heart pounding.

He caught her up in a tight embrace, and she threw her arms around his neck. "Scully," he whispered, his lips pressed to her hair. She couldn't say a word and just stood there, held close by his strong arms. Finally, the time had come, and they both knew it.

"Mulder," she said softly, pulling back just enough to look into his eyes. "Mulder, I...love you," she murmured, her voice suddenly choked with tears. "So much," she finished, unable to say anything more, and realizing how childish and inadequate her words sounded. He cupped her face in his hands, locking eyes with her.

"Scully," he smiled, wiping away a tear that had slipped down her cheek, "You have no idea how much I love you." She stared at him, taking a moment for his words to sink in, and then laughed quietly, her face brightening in an uncharacteristic but decidedly welcome grin. Then she forgot everything she had been thinking as his lips came down to meet hers.

"We'll show them together, 'cause

You'll be in my heart,

Believe me, you'll be in my heart

I'll be there from this day on

Now and forever more

You'll be in my heart,

No matter what they say

You'll be here in my
heart

Always.

Always."

Always.

=====

End
file.